

# ODE WRITTEN FOR MR. WILLIAM F. LYON ON THE AN- NIVERSARY OF THE BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON.

BY CLARENCE C. COOK.

Born on this day! Oh let the joyful word  
Be wafted to the highest heaven  
Amid the silent depths of space be heard!  
And echo through the stars of light  
Let the red sun disgorge type his name  
Upon the ocean's broad expanse.  
And the chaste moon, to celebrate his fame  
Lead high in heaven the starry dance!  
Shout valley and hill! Shout river and rill,  
And thunder it forth, old ocean!  
Sing heaven and earth, on the day of his birth!  
Let night "brighten up with emotion!"  
Let the glorious day, his tribute pay—  
And hang on his sunlight banner  
O'er the prairie green, and the gorgeous sheen  
Of the flower-gemmed Savannah!  
From the sunny South's delicious clime,  
Where beauty dwells in the orange flowers;  
From the icy North, where dwells sublime  
The winter king in his frost-work bowers;  
From the glorious West, with her prairie waving  
In the light of the Summer's sun!  
From the azure sea her bulwarksaving  
Let the anthem hasten on—  
For he hath delivered us  
From the curse that else had withered us  
With the aid of God's right hand!  
He hath raised up a nation,  
He hath given its salvation  
To a free and glorious land!  
Let the heroes of Greece be forgotten,  
Fade away in the midnight of Time!  
Our land hath a hero begotten,  
And the glories of ages grow dim,  
Before the all-effulgent beaming  
Of his celestial light!  
Athena is crumbled into dust—  
The power of Rome is gone forever—  
Greece wipes not from her sword the rust,  
Nor strives her galling chain to sever.  
Her fading light is faintly gleaming,  
Before it sets in night!  
But the land that Washington fought to free  
From the chain of its thrice-cursed slavery,  
Shall live sublime  
Till the end of Time,  
And never shall waning of glory see!  
Then sound ye dirge for the hero departed,  
For him who in glory hath died!  
Columbia's father, the brave and true-hearted,  
Whose name shall forever abide!  
While the rushing rivers roll onward to the  
main,  
While the hills point upward to the heaven,  
While the silver stars wander o'er the azure  
plain,  
And the ocean's foaming waves on the rocky  
shore are driven,  
So long shall thy glory unfading remain—  
In letters of light, on the temple of fame!  
And Eternity's pen, in the fading of time,  
Shall write for our hero a requiem sublime.

## OCEAN RAMBLINGS.

On fair Eoa's fertile banks I stand  
And view the wonders of great nature's hand.  
After along the shore the branching coral wide,  
Washed by ocean waves with long and solemn  
stride.  
Along our fertile plains, the grateful bread fruit  
grows  
And the orange tree does blossom, just like the  
opening rose.  
Here fruits and flowers do everywhere abound,  
And warbling songsters through the forests  
sound.

The old Commodore is apt to grow poeti-  
cal when thinking o'er the past scenes of  
his life, when in the heyday of youth he  
roamed over the fairy isles of the Pacific  
in climes where eternal Summer reigns and  
where the heart finds a forest of the pre-  
Adamic Eden of old, and where life's voy-  
age is free from the cares and toils of our  
native home.

An old friend, conversing the other day  
with him on that great bonny of nature—the  
bread fruit—the old Commodore  
thought he would through the GAZETTE  
give some facts concerning

THE BREAD FRUIT TREE OF THE POLYNESIA.

Nowhere has nature lavished her gifts  
so profusely as in these ocean isles. Her  
untutored children, unlearned in all the  
arts of civilized life, deprived of those re-  
sources whereby the husbandman in our  
land finds a support, kind nature has, as  
it were, aided them by giving them without  
toil or labor a sure support in the nourish-  
ing fruit of the bread fruit tree.

Like some stately tower o'ertopping the  
rest of the forest, this noble tree stands  
monarch of the scene. It ranks among the  
grandest of nature's works; its immense  
body, its wide spreading branches, remind  
us of our own native elm, whose shade is  
grateful to the weary and whose foliage  
never tires the eye. It grows to an enor-  
mous size. I saw one at the Navigator  
Isles that measured nearly forty feet in cir-  
cumference, and it is very common to see  
them twenty to thirty feet. A tree in full  
bearing will yield from two to three hun-  
dred bread fruits, sufficient to support a  
family. The fruit is of a peculiar form and  
color. It resembles a citron in shape and  
size, with an outside rind like a button ball—  
they will weigh from two to four pounds.  
The interior is white, with very little core,  
and looks very much like an egg plant.  
When the fruit is full grown the natives  
gather them when needed, and after scraping  
the rind off, build a fire on stones until they  
are hot enough, and wrapping the fruit in  
some plantain leaves place it on the stones,  
covering it up with sand. It soon after a  
short time, gets thoroughly cooked and  
tastes very much like our home-made bread.  
When the season is over, as it has but one  
crop lasting six months, the natives take  
the surplus fruit, which grows mellow, and  
make them in a sort of cake or slap-jack,  
or form it in a dough by the admixture of  
water, which they call "poy," and bury  
it in calabashes under the ground, to be  
used during the return of the new coming  
crop. It is not very agreeable to eat, as it  
ferments and becomes sour, but the natives  
relish it highly. When mallow it has a  
singular faculty of raising when mixed  
with water, and it will be as light as a  
sponge, and I have eaten as good flap-jacks  
made from it as I ever did of my friend  
Potter's "slip-and-go-down-easy."

Talking of flap-jacks reminds me of a  
humorous incident, if I may digress from  
my subject, which happened while on

shore at one of these islands. A young Tar  
belonging to one of the ships in the har-  
bor came on shore on liberty. He had the  
unenviable reputation of being the greatest  
eater in the squadron. Coming in the ba-  
loon where I was, he called for a dinner of  
flap-jacks. Uncle Jake, a colored gentle-  
man, who was proprietor of the house, set  
to work to fry him some. After furnish-  
ing him with half a dozen plates, he thought  
his task was done, but he was mistaken;  
the young fellow kept Uncle Jake busy un-  
til he had finished his 25th plate, when the  
batter-pot gave out. With a great sigh the  
young chap arose and pulled out his quar-  
ter-dollar to pay for his dinner, when Uncle  
Jake yelled out, "No a cent, sir, not a  
cent; you have earned your dinner, but  
for mercy sake don't come again, or you  
will bankrupt me." It was a rich scene,  
and in many years after I have laughed  
over the way the young chap stowed away  
the flap-jacks and at the consternation of  
Uncle Jake.

But to return to my subject. Great care  
has to be taken not to eat the fruit too  
green, as it is not healthy; if eaten so, it is  
very apt to produce elephantiasis, a disease  
that makes the limbs to overgrow with a  
fungus flesh, looking very much like the  
skin of an elephant, from which it derives  
its name. The more idle and thriftless na-  
tives who do not provide sufficiently for the  
future, often show proof of their indiscre-  
tion by partaking of it in its incipient  
state, but when in the right growth for eat-  
ing, there is nothing more capable of sup-  
porting life than this bounty of nature. It  
forms the principal support of millions of  
the human race, who never plough or reap,  
it needs no cultivation, but produces its  
fruit in its season without failure. This  
valuable tree not only supplies the natives  
with bread, but also with clothing; the in-  
side bark resembling hemp. They take  
and soak it for a few days, and after beat-  
ing it and putting it through a certain pro-  
cess manufacture a substantial cloth which  
they make up in dresses. If any of the  
readers of the GAZETTE should visit the  
Navy Yard, by going in the lagoon, which  
is free to all, they will see some handsome  
specimens of this cloth made by the na-  
tives of the Polynesia. I brought home  
some specimens, which are very handsome,  
and it will wear as well as muslin. They  
give it the name of "tapa," so you can  
perceive the value of this tree to the na-  
tive. It furnishes them with bread and  
clothing, its shade protects them from the  
noontide heat, and its timber builds their  
huts and canoes. Many attempts have  
been made to introduce the tree in other  
lands, but none have succeeded. I have  
noticed on some of the more civilized is-  
lands, where progress in arts and agricul-  
ture have begun, that this tree has almost  
ceased to yield fruit; a kind Providence  
intends, probably, that as they progress  
from heathenism to the light of Christian-  
ity that they should do more for them-  
selves, as healthful labor tends to elevate  
and prepare them for a higher standing  
among the nations of the earth. Hoping  
this sketch of the old Commodore's rambl-  
ings will be acceptable to the readers of  
the GAZETTE, he may in the future renew  
them.

Brevet Colonel David Perry, of the First  
United States Cavalry, only son of the  
Mon. Nehemiah Perry, was seriously wound-  
ed in the engagement last Friday with the  
Modoc Indians.

## Before Dinner.

### TAKE TIME TO EAT.

"And now that we are married and  
have a little home home of our own, Katie  
dear, I want one thing well understood in  
the beginning."  
"Certainly, Ben; let me have your or-  
ders at once, and I'll try to do my best. I  
remember now that your Aunt Sally told  
me one day that you were very difficult  
and particular; are you really?"  
"Nothing unreasonable, I hope, Katie;  
but I'll tell you how it was with Aunt Sal-  
lie: She was always in a hurry; you know  
she kept house for father ever since my  
mother's death, years ago, and I feel as if  
I never had what I call a comfortable meal  
in all that time. At night she would  
sigh to father, 'Now, brother Sammy, you  
might as well go to bed early, you and the  
boys, and I'll have to get up sooner in the  
morning, and it won't take me long to  
knock up your breakfast, and then the  
work'll go proper and right all day.' And  
the breakfast was knocked up; no pains  
taken to make anything relishing; the cof-  
fee was starchy and cold; no little side-dishes  
or sauces to relieve the stereotyped fare  
from day to day. Aunt Sally generally ate  
on time, I thought, and finished before the  
rest of us, and then she'd begin, 'Brother  
Sammy, if you're done with the bread, you  
and the boys, I'll take it in the kitchen.'  
And those who wanted more would hastily  
take another slice before it disappeared;  
then the butter was taken out, and the  
meat, and the pan of dish-water would be  
placed on one end of the table, and almost  
before the last mouthful of coffee passed  
our lips, the cups and saucers were in the  
dish-pan. Sometimes I ventured to tell  
her how very comfortable it all was, and so  
different from mother's way, and she'd al-  
ways aloned me with some pious remark,  
such as, 'O Benny! I'm so sorry you think  
so much about the poor perishin' body,  
and I'm afraid you more're anxious about  
your miserable stomach than you are for the  
welfare of your precious soul, and I'm sure  
I'm always doing my best, and you ought  
to eat what's set before you and be thank-  
ful.' And now, Katie, do you understand  
me?"  
"Why, Ben, of course I do; you want  
comfortable meals and no hurry over them,  
and that's just what I've been used to,  
and mother always said that comfortable food  
is the most healthy and economical, and  
our meals were so special and pleasant that  
we heartily enjoyed them."  
And Katie's good coffee, delicious bread,  
delicious toast, etc., frequently elicited the  
special approbation of her husband, who  
often coaxed his father and Aunt Sally  
over to spend a nice, restful afternoon and  
partake of Katie's well-ordered supper.—  
Germanian Telegraph.



The House, of which the above is a photograph, is now for sale. Location on Washington Ave., in the West End of Bloom-  
field, adjacent to Montclair, on high ground, commanding extensive and charming views, is not surpassed anywhere. Only 6  
or 8 minutes walk from the Depot, and from centre of the village—markets, stores, post office etc. House was built in best man-  
ner, by Meeker and Hedden, for present owner. It contains fifteen rooms, besides bath room and attic store room; convenient  
wardrobes in all the bedrooms; fine dry cellars, abundant closets; marble mantels in every room; water throughout the house with  
10 marble wash basins; Angell and Atwater's steam heater warms every part of house very satisfactorily; Gas Pipes, Kitchen Ran-  
ge, Stationary Tubs. It is complete in all its appointments. Lot is 90 by 250 feet, or with additional depth if required. An un-  
usual opportunity. Apply to

THOMPSON & CO.  
Bloomfield, or at 208 Broadway, N. Y.

## After Dinner.

### Church bells—The Rector's daughters

To know how to wait is the secret of  
success.

A man with a long head is not very apt  
to be headlong.

Near-sighted people are mostly great  
talkers.

When "doctors differ" they're very apt  
to lose their patients.

"Doctor, is tight-lacing injurious?"  
"Of course it is, madam."

Why is the letter Y like a young lady?  
Because it makes no pay.

THE FRUIT OF IMAGINATION.—Having  
no dinner, but reading a cookery-book.

The worst kind of education—To be  
brought up by a policeman.

The Phoenix was raised in a hot bed, and  
that's what made him soar.

A little girl amended the Lord's Prayer  
by asking for her daily gingerbread.

A BOOK FOR THE TABLE—One full of  
plates.

A MELODIOUS ATTENDANT—A page of  
music.

HIGH WORDS—Those spoken in a bal-  
loon.

How many peas are there in a pint?  
One p.

VESTED INTEREST—Money in the wait-  
coat pocket.

SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T MIND PINCH-  
ING—Snuff.

An old lady, hearing somebody say that  
the mails were very irregular, said: "It  
was just so in my young days, no trusting  
on 'em."

A Virginia paper describes a fence which  
is made of such crooked rails that every  
time a pig crawls through he comes out on  
the same side.

An exchange tantalizes its readers with  
this alacrity: "Have you heard of the  
man who got shot?" "Got shot? No;  
how did he get shot?" "He bought them."

A well-known clergyman was recently  
asked his opinion of a young lady much  
afflicted with the "Greek bend." He  
replied that she reminded him of a woman  
mentioned in the Scripture, "who had a  
spirit of infirmity, and could in no wise lift  
up herself."

An English vicar was standing, on a  
Monday morning, at his gate, when one of  
his parishioners arrived with a basketful  
of potatoes. "What's this?" said the vicar.  
"Potatoes, sir," replied the man. "It's some  
of our best tubers—a very rare kind, sir."  
My wife said you should have some of  
them, as she heard you say in your sermon  
the common tubers (commentators) didn't  
agree with you."

A worthy deacon in a town somewhere  
or other gave notice at a prayer meeting  
the other night, of a church meeting that  
was to be held immediately after, and un-  
consciously added: "There is no objection  
to the Female brethren remaining." This  
reminds us of a clergyman who told in his  
sermon of a very affecting scene, where  
"there wasn't a dry tear in the house."

An Englishman, it is said, having heard  
about the Yankee propensity of "brag-  
ging," thought he would make an experi-  
ment in the art himself. He walked up to  
a market woman's stand, and pointing to  
some large watermelons said: "What! don't  
you raise any bigger apples than those in  
America?" "Apples!" said the woman,  
disdainfully. "any body might know you  
was an Englishman. Them's huckleber-  
ries."

## Buying Poultry.

I send the following which I have ob-  
served for some years in purchasing poultry,  
and which may be of use to some of your  
readers who may not be familiar with the  
age of poultry:

Few housekeepers, and fewer cooks, are  
as good judges of the age of poultry as  
they ought to be. We all know when poultry  
comes upon the table, whether it is tender  
or tough; and there should be no diffi-  
culty of knowing just as certainly whether  
a chicken, duck, goose or turkey is old or  
young, when it is offered for sale. Now  
the following is offered as a rule by which  
poultry can be safely judged, which if  
read over for a few times, and then laid  
away for ready reference when needed, no  
person need purchase old, tough poultry  
unless from choice.

If a hen's spur is hard, and the scales on  
the legs rough, she is old, whether you see  
her head or not, but the head will corrob-  
orate your observation. If the under bill is  
stiff that you cannot bend it down, and the  
comb thick and rough, leave her, no matter  
how fat and plump, for some one less par-  
ticular. A young hen has only the rudiments  
of spurs; the scales on the legs are  
smooth, glossy and fresh colored, whatever  
the color may be; the claws tender and  
short, the nails sharp, the under bill soft,  
and the comb thin and smooth.

An old turkey has rough scales on  
the legs, callouses on the soles of the feet,  
and long sharp claws; a young one is the  
reverse of all these marks. When the  
feathers are on the old turkey-cock has a  
long tuft or beard, a young one has only a  
sprouting one; and when they are off the  
smooth scales on the legs beside the point,  
beside the difference in size of the wattles  
of the neck and in the elastic shoot upon  
the nose.

An old goose when alive is known by  
the rough legs, the strength of the wings,  
particularly at the pinions, the thickness  
and strength of the bill, and the looseness  
of the feathers; and when plucked, by the  
legs, the tenderness of the skin under the  
wings, by the pinions and the bill and the  
coarseness of the skin.

Ducks are distinguished by the same  
marks, but there is this business—that a  
duckling's bill is much larger in proportion  
to the breadth of his head than the old  
duck. A young pigeon is discovered by  
its pale color, smooth scales, tender, col-  
lapsed feet, and the yellow long down in-  
terpersed among its feathers. A pigeon  
that can fly has always red-colored legs  
and no down, and is then too old for use.  
Germanian Telegraph.

## Agricultural.

### COWS.

The characteristics of a good milker,  
are:

1. Youth. A cow is in her prime as  
from four to six years, after the birth of  
her second or third calf.

2. Prominence and Fullness of Milk  
Veins, and velvety softness of skin.

3. Symmetry, Fullness, and Softness of  
the Udder. There should be a softness  
and thinness to the touch, and an absence  
of fleshiness and thickness.

4. Perfect Number and Condition of  
Teats. It is desirable that they be well  
placed, not crowded together, rather long  
and tapering; all pointing out and down-  
ward; equal in size and even appearance.

5. Docility and Quickness of Dispo-  
sition. These are indicated by large, mild  
and clear eyes, and an air of contentment  
generally.

QUANTITY OF MILK FOR A POUND OF BUT-  
TER.

An important inquiry in the purchase  
and sale of a cow, is the amount of butter  
she will make per week. This is a ques-  
tion often easier asked than answered—  
We have found that it takes less milk to  
make a pound of butter with a Jersey cow  
than any other breed. Six quarts of Jer-  
sey milk has sometimes made it; but we  
put the average with this breed at eight  
quarts to a pound of butter.

## FEED FOR MILCH COWS.

The most profitable feed for cows giv-  
ing milk during winter, and that used in  
nearly all the best dairies for producing  
milk for New York market, is a good  
quality of wheat bran and corn meal,  
mixed as follows: Eight pounds of bran  
and two of corn meal for each cow daily.  
If the above can be thoroughly cooked  
with cut hay, it increases its value about  
one-fifth by actual experiment. I pro-  
duced from fifty cows five hundred quarts  
of milk daily on ten pounds of feed mixed  
as above and thoroughly cooked.

We can endorse the above from a cor-  
respondent of the Country Gentleman.  
When bran has a tendency to promote  
the secretion of the lactical fluid, while  
the corn meal improves its quality, and  
adds flesh to the cow.—Rural Home.

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No. 470 BROAD STREET,  
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Have a general assortment of the best  
LOCKS AND KNOBS,  
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PATENT & COMMON SASH CORD.

NAILS OF THE BEST QUALITY!  
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REAL BRONZE HARDWARE,  
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and will be sold at manufacturers' prices.  
Feb. 22-3w, c-o-w

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CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, MATTINGS,  
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MASON AND HAMLIN ORGANS.  
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Are opening for the Spring trade

White Goods!

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Plain Nansooks, White Tartan,  
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Piques,  
Plain Jacquets, Organdies,  
Striped, Bishop Lawns,  
Plain Swiss, Victoria Lawns,  
Linen Diapers, Jones Cambric,  
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We invite special attention to a quality of  
Black Silk at \$1.95.

Our stock of  
BLACK ALPACAS  
are very full, and qualities unsurpassed at the  
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649 BROAD STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

A great variety of Ladies Hats, very cheap.  
Feathers and Flowers of all descriptions. Hoop  
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very handsome.

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BLACK LYONS SILKS,  
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